

TURKS PUSHED BACK ALONG 6-MILE FRONT IN PALESTINE

London, Feb. 15.—(Bulletin)—The British forces in Palestine yesterday made an advance of two miles on a front of six miles northeast of Jerusalem, the front of some announcements.

The statement follows: "Yesterday we advanced our line on a front of six miles to an average depth of two miles on either side of the village of Mukhmam, eleven and one-half miles northeast of Jerusalem."

FREE TO Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cautious Now. Try This Free. We have a new medicine for the treatment of all cases of piles. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. It is free to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Let Me Prove This Free.

I specially want to send it to those who are suffering from piles. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Free Pile Remedy

Dr. F. J. Ray, 1111 Broadway, Montreal, Quebec. Please send free trial of your Pile Remedy.

Hot Water for Sick Headaches

Tells why everyone should drink hot water with phosphate. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Headache of any kind, is caused by auto-intoxication—

which means self-poisoning. Liver and bowels become clogged with waste matter. This waste matter is absorbed into the blood, and it is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Income Tax

The Institute of Chartered Accountants of Alberta desires to announce that its members, being duly qualified, are prepared to undertake the preparation of the necessary returns and returns required under the Income Tax Act and the Business Profits Tax Act. A list of members may be obtained on application to:

GERALD V. PELTON

L.L.B. LAW OFFICE. 402 Pender St. Board of Trade Building. VANCOUVER, B.C. Also: Member of Alberta Bar. Member of Nova Scotia Bar. Lately of the firm of Edwards, Dubois & Pelton, Edmonton.

Buy Your House To-Day and Its Here for

GLENDORA—7 rooms, heating, full bath, etc. \$1100 cash, terms.

104th STREET—South Jasper, 7 rooms, modern; garage; lot 50 x 100. \$1200 cash, terms.

102nd STREET—South Jasper, 7 rooms; fully modern; new and large lot. \$1200 cash, terms.

102nd STREET—South of Jasper, 7 rooms; fully modern, full modern. \$1200 cash, terms.

104th STREET—South of Jasper, 7 rooms; fully modern, full modern. \$1200 cash, terms.

WEDESE SEIZE BIG SHIPMENT OF ARMS BOUND FOR FINNS

London, Feb. 15.—(Great creation of arms and munitions bound for Finland has been seized in the port of Stockholm, the Social Democratic Government has announced. The shipment, which was bound for Finland, was seized by the Swedish authorities. The shipment, which was bound for Finland, was seized by the Swedish authorities. The shipment, which was bound for Finland, was seized by the Swedish authorities.

Why & Co.

LIMITED. Home Specialists. 111 Brown Bridge. Phone 5386.

BORN

DUNCAN—At Parkview hospital, 13th street, Feb. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Duncan, 18217 114th street, Edmonton, a son, weighing 10 lbs. 10 oz. and 20 inches long. Name, William Howard Duncan. Birth date, Feb. 15, 1918. Parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Kiewit, of Edmonton, a son.

DIED

McDONALD—At Edmonton, February 14, 1918, John A. McDonald, aged 24 years, son of John A. McDonald, of the 11th Battalion, C.E.F., and the youngest daughter of William Brown of Moscow, Brown & Hargreaves, Ltd., of 11th street, Edmonton. Buried from St. P. Howard's undertaking rooms at 11th street, afternoon to Edmonton cemetery.

The Weather

Forecast: Fair, with light winds, and clear skies. Temperature: 30 to 40. Wind: Light. Clouds: None.

Time	Temp.	Wind	Clouds
5 a.m.	30	Light	None
10 a.m.	35	Light	None
3 p.m.	40	Light	None
8 p.m.	35	Light	None

COMING EVENTS

Arrangement of meetings: Internal religious, social, and political. The following are the dates of the meetings: Feb. 17, 1918, at 8 p.m., at the 11th street, Edmonton. Feb. 18, 1918, at 8 p.m., at the 11th street, Edmonton. Feb. 19, 1918, at 8 p.m., at the 11th street, Edmonton.

For the United Commercial Traveler

hard time dance to be held on Saturday, Feb. 16, 1918, at 8 p.m., at the 11th street, Edmonton. The dance will be held at the 11th street, Edmonton. The dance will be held at the 11th street, Edmonton.

Constitution Cured in His 78th Year Without Drugs

Did you ever know any person who was permanently cured of Constipation by taking Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cathartic? It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Cough Nearly Gone In 24 Hours

That's the new experience with the new cough medicine. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Whoever tries this pleasant home-made cough remedy

will find it a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

EXCEPTIONALLY LARGE ROOM, WILL be available for the week of Feb. 16 to 22, 1918. The room is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

The Store of QUALITY is the Home of QUALITY

Bread, Pastry :: and Cakes ::

Our Tea Room will give you service and pleasure, all QUALITY.

J. A. HALLIER

8014 Jasper Ave. Phones 1397 & 6730

Store and Office Fittings

Any Design Made to Order.

Counters Refrigerators Wall Cases Show Cases

Cushing Bros.

LIMITED. Factory and Show Desk. Phone 51325—East Ward. 1338.

Boys' Suits

Another great suit special for the week. Included in the list are: Boys' Suits, Boys' Suits, Boys' Suits. The suits are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Boys' Overcoats

Clean-up on Boys' Overcoats. The suits are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Boys' Gowns

Boys' Gowns, Boys' Gowns, Boys' Gowns. The gowns are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Sheet Music Sale

Including the following: "The Love Song," "The Love Song," "The Love Song." The sheet music is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Specials for Saturday

JAM pure strawberry, raspberry, black currant, per can. 55c. CORNED CABBAGE, per can. 29c. BRANDY, per bottle. 25c. HONEY, in the jar. 75c. SARDINES, in pure oil. 10c.

Bewitching Blouses at \$3.95

New styles and dainty, excellent materials. At a big saving price, Saturday. The blouses are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Mammoth Glove Sale for Women

500 Pairs French and English Chamois Gloves. All are made of selected skins and there are no seconds or imperfect gloves. The gloves are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Women's New Novelty Neckwear

The new neck wear, rolling and flat collars. Made up in the latest, new geometric, crepe de chene, corded silks, satin, etc. In white and other shades. Specialty prices. \$1.49.

Kayser's Hose

Kayser's Hose, Kayser's Hose, Kayser's Hose. The hose is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

Saturday's Best values

Saturday's Low Prices on Hardware Items

1000 CHOPPER, specially priced; useful household item; capacity 1000 lbs. \$1.49. 1000 CHOPPER, specially priced; useful household item; capacity 1000 lbs. \$1.49. 1000 CHOPPER, specially priced; useful household item; capacity 1000 lbs. \$1.49.

Men's Overcoats Again

Another great day for overcoats, buying. Men will have their choice from our stocks of regular, heavy, and light overcoats. The overcoats are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Men's Suits for Less

There is a great and unusual value in every one of these Men's Suits, and the suits are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Holding Down the Price of Men's Boots

Here is an assortment of Men's high-grade footwear that will surprise you by their value. Every pair is up to the minute in style, fit, and workmanship. The boots are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Milady's Footwear Not So Costly

Here is a line of American made footwear for Saturday shoppers at Hudson's Bay. They comprise the following line: Milady's Footwear, Milady's Footwear, Milady's Footwear. The footwear is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

1200 Pieces Clover Leaf Dinnerware

Come early Saturday for the following: personal sale only on 4th floor. The dinnerware is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

9'x12' Tapestry Rugs for \$13.50

It would be quite impossible for us to sell this rug today for less than \$13.50. The rug is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Pretty Novelty Curtains on Show Saturday

For the large range for us to attempt a description. There are certain suitable for the large range for us to attempt a description. The curtains are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

New Ribbons

Pretty fancy ribbons for spring fashions. The ribbons are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

Veiling Sale

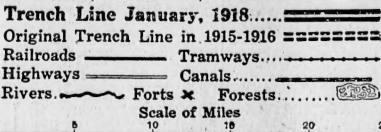
30 yards of high-grade Veiling. In border, plain and with delicate dot effects; black only; regular \$2.50 and 30c. on sale Saturday at \$1.99.

High-Grade Corsets

A Gossard's high-grade corsets in Gossard's, ROYAL Gossard's, in Gossard's, ROYAL Gossard's, in Gossard's, ROYAL Gossard's. The corsets are a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble. It is a new discovery, and it is a great relief to all who suffer from this trouble.

SECTION ONE

Place your order for The Edmonton Bulletin at once with your newsdealer or newsboy, so as to be sure of the next three issues.



If a wall map is desired follow these instructions: Section 1—Do not trim. Section 2—Cut off upper margin on a straight line, close to the edge of the map, being careful not to mutilate the map. Section 3—Cut off the upper margin, also the margin to the left. Section 4—Cut off the left margin. Then fit the sections together and fasten with paste applied to untrimmed margins. Before pasting be sure that the various lines on the map match evenly. The map is accurate and the sections when joined will fit exactly.

ANSWERS

The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder.

The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

just read: "Yea, the light of the" "It can't be done" he loudly cries

With the Humorists

Idle Curiosity
Charity Patient—"Doctor, is there

Doctor—"Really, my good man, considering that we are experimenting on you free of charge your idle curiosity is a very dangerous thing. You are in any danger of the operation proving fatal?"

Were Plentiful
Lord Halebury, during one of his terms of office, had occasion to visit

"I'm the Lord Chancellor," he announced to the attendant at the door. The man looked at him curiously.

When boosters try to help the town, and bring success and fair renown, or try to start some enterprise, cares and tries to climb the go stairs, may Peter say, "Blow back son !It can't be done, it can't be done."

"And your hands?"

A Friday and Saturday Sale of—
Comfortable Peckers!

Comfortable Rockers!
REGULAR 8 50 FOR \$6 50

Thirty-six only in this lot. The frames are made

Smith was a constant worry to his friends; they never knew when to take him seriously. His last victim

Our February Sale Price, **\$6.50**
while they last

"That's right, old boy. The Bremen

Blowey-Henry Company


Hook of Job, and the minister had

You'll find in this store the largest stock of clothes for men we've ever had; reasonably priced. A definite purpose on our part to give you at whatever price you pay, the best value possible; a better value, we believe, than anywhere else.

We are Leaders in Exclusively Styled

**We are Leaders in Exclusively Styled
Suits for Young**

Suits for Young

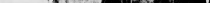
Men 

The lively innovation so much sought by the young men are all here; the right styles from fashion centres:

new weaves and colors, new browns, blues, greens, oxfords, in plaids, stripes and plain colors; unmatched

\$20 \$25 \$30

\$20 \$25 \$30
\$32 \$35



Our Business

Suits for Men

will inspire you with confidence in your appearance; with the deep-root-

ed satisfaction of faultless style lines, of a perfect fit, of dependable tailoring and fabrics. We have clothes

made for every figure, tall men, short men, stout men, or regulars. Now's the time to buy clothes. These busi-

ness suits for men are rare values at,

\$20 \$25 \$30

\$20	\$25	\$30
\$35	\$40	\$50

91-1-1-1

Stanley & Jackson

10117 Jasper Ave.

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THE EDMONTON BULLETIN'S \$8000 PRIZE CONTEST

These are the Prizes The Bulletin is Giving Away!

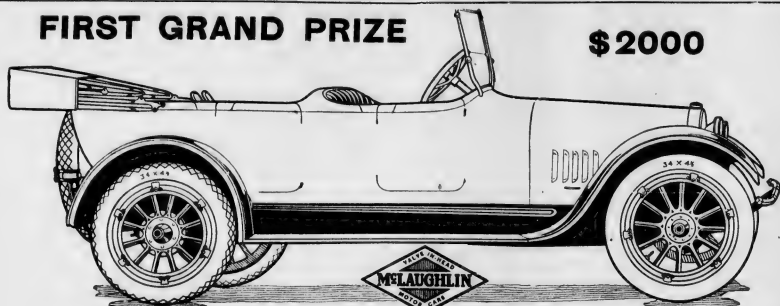


SEND IN YOUR NOMINATION TODAY AND BE ONE OF THE WINNERS

Fill in Your Name in the Nomination Blank. Start saving the 100 vote Coupons.
Every 1000 Coupons counts 100,000 Votes.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

\$2000



McLaughlin E-45-6-Cylinder "Special-Special"—Now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton. This costly touring car will be given to the candidate securing the greatest number of votes irrespective of districts. The winner of this grand prize will be given \$300 in cash to be donated to some patriotic organization in his or her district.

Lots of Room for more Active Candidates

A		Votes.
Mrs. V. Adams, 1608 103th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Martha Adler, Gadsby, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. A. E. Austin, Manville, Alta.	5,000
B		
Mrs. D. O'Brien, 8740 111th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Emily Brechin, Spruce Grove Centre	5,000
Mr. Paul Bauer, Mundare, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Frank Lawrence, Bentley Centre, Alta.	5,000
Mr. C. A. Britton, Holden, Alta.	5,000
Mr. John Brown, Strathcona Centre, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Alice Brown, Tomahawk, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Alex. Brown, Holden, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Danny, Virdford, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Mary Bell, Nanton, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Geo. Beart, Suite 11, Dewans Court, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. B. Bywater, 1022 119th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Vander Broeke, Principal Public Schools, Riley	5,000
Mrs. Butte, Stettler	5,000
C		
Mr. Stanley Carson, Chevrolet Garage, Wetaskiwin	5,000
Mr. Joe Christian, Rosyth, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. O. Chandler, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Joe Colmager, St. Albert, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Clara Combs, Rocky Rapids, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Roy S. Cook, 9640 82nd Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. David Clifton, Verner, Alta.	5,000
Mr. I. L. Carmichael, Holden, Alta.	5,000
D		
Mrs. Charlotte Dyer, 10422 96th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. G. H. Davis, 211 Gibson Block, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Lillie Decker, 11115 101st St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Vera Decker, Wetaskiwin	5,000
Mr. Mike Duchollet, Golden Sucker, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Hobt, Dundas, Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Chas. Dyck, 1847 18th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Chas. Dobson, c/o Car Harris, Edmonton	5,000
E		
Mrs. Christine Earl, 10422 96th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Roy Edgar, 10810 95th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Robt. English, 12510 104th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. E. Eddy, Gadsby, Alta.	5,000
F		
Mrs. Lena Falembridge, Clair, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Alex. Farquharson, Dunsin, Alta.	5,000
Mr. A. J. Farrell, Holden, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Seasmith, Alta.	5,000
G		
Mr. H. Ganton, Vermilion, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Arthur Garbo, Ardrossan, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Kenneth Gilbey, Kiltan, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Leola Greffer, Dunsin, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Mike Galsky, Spirit River, Alta.	5,000
H		
Mrs. Hamilton, Baronsville, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Sydney Harvie, 10417 101st St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. W. G. Hornbrook, Lashburn, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Alexander Huxley, 1847 18th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Robert Hockley, Brule Mines, Alberta	5,000
I		
Mrs. Olga Jaeschke, 9717 100th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Walter Jessup, Lamont, Alta.	5,000
Mr. H. W. Joslin, 9341 100th St., Edmonton	5,000
J		
Mr. Wm. Kelly, Stony Plain, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Mary Kitchen, Banfield, Alberta	5,000
Mr. Wm. Koushner, Thorold, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. G. P. Kriensen, 11249 96th St., Edmonton	5,000
K		
Mr. A. H. Liversidge, Wetaskiwin, Alta.	5,000
L		
Mrs. Allison Magee, Bowell, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Ada Markin, Sedgewick, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Melville Marshall, 21 Bowry Vista, Apt. City	5,000
Mr. Alfonso Mercier, 8335 103rd Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. M. J. Mahaffey, Tofield, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Emma Miller, Bushy, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Sam. Munford, Holden, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Margaret Macdonell, 9019 9th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. A. C. Macdonell, 10447 91st St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. J. McCreary, 12104 124th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Maude McCreary, 9137 Jasper Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. McNeil, Jera Creek, Alta.	5,000
Mr. H. O. McKay, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Alex. McMillan, 9115 74th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Joan McTaggart, Stettler, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Minnie McKee, Red Deer, Alta.	5,000
M		
Mrs. John Y. Nicol, Maidstone, Sask.	5,000
N		
Mrs. Blanche O'Connor, Provost, Alta.	5,000
O		
Mrs. Nap. Poirier, St. Albert, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. C. Patullo, Stony Plain, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Helen Paton, 11052 97th St., Edmonton	5,000
P		
Mrs. M. Hager, 9225 103rd Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. John Rios, New Norway, Alberta	5,000
Mr. Howard Ray, 924 103rd Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. B. Reed, c/o P. H. Block, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Anna Reid, 10818 81st Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Leanna Ridley, Stettler	5,000
Mrs. Rogers, Brown 22 Sherwood Block, White Avenue	5,000
Mrs. W. A. Rogers, Vegreville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. T. Ross, Reno Leduc, Edmonton	5,000
Q		
Mr. L. Sahler, "The Smoke Shop," Jasper Ave., City	5,000
Mr. Albert Sandhu, Kesteven, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Herman Seidel, Minnehaha, Alta.	5,000
Mr. E. S. Shaw, Ponchartraine, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Norman Sivick, 9334 107th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Ruth Smith, Virdford, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Babe Steele, 9821 112th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Florence Smart, 10217 9th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Frank L. Stearns, Red Deer, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Anne Sundberg, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Douglas B. Stirling, Canora, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. G. F. Smith, Lac la Poudre, Alta.	5,000
Mr. F. Shears, Bruderheim, Alta.	5,000
R		
Mr. Frank Thompson, Manville, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. A. J. Thorne, Tofield, Alta.	5,000
Mr. J. Thomas, Salsburg, Alta.	5,000
Mr. L. G. Tough, 9835 106th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Clarence Tunkin, Viking, Alta.	5,000
Mrs. Esther Valkenburg, Millhurst, Alta.	5,000
Mr. A. Vestne, Ennisville, Alta.	5,000
S		
Mrs. Gurney Walker, 3638 107th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Tomahawk, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Lyle Warming, Canora, Alta.	5,000
Mr. John Ward, 10218 10th St., Edmonton	5,000
Mr. Robt. Ward, Mike Elgin store, Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. V. A. Wilson, R.T. St. B. Seasmith, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Chas. Wentworth, c/o Car Harris	5,000
Mrs. Wm. Wilson, Leduc, Alta.	5,000
Mr. Harold Wilcox, Canora, Alta.	5,000
Mr. G. W. Woodhouse, 11219 107th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
T		
Mr. Thos. Young, 6401 118th Ave., Edmonton	5,000
Mrs. Wm. Young, Helmick Block, Edmonton	5,000

28 COSTLY PRIZES

Second Grand Prize \$1215 Model 90
Overland Touring Car



Now on exhibition at E. C. May & Co., Jasper Avenue, Edmonton

\$8000

IN PRIZES

THIRD GRAND PRIZE



\$1200 McLaughlin 5 Passenger
Touring Car

This car is now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton.

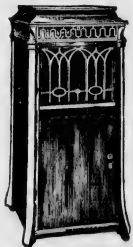
2 Ennis & Co's Pianos
Costing \$400 Each



These pianos are now on exhibition at Jones & Cross' Show Rooms, 101st street, Edmonton.

"TWO STARR PHONOGRAPHS

Costing \$110 Each



These Phonographs are now on exhibition at The Douglas Bookstore, Jasper Avenue, Edmonton.

Two Cabinets of Silver

72 Pieces to Each Cabinet



CUT OUT NEATLY

The Bulletin's Big Automobile
Prize Contest

Good for 100 Votes

FOR ADDRESS

This Coupon, when neatly cut out and brought or mailed to the Contest Department of The Bulletin, will count for the person whose name is written thereon.

Nomination Blank

GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES. NOMINATE
YOURSELF OR A FRIEND

PRIZE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF
THE EDMONTON BULLETIN,
9975 Jasper Avenue.

Gentlemen,—I hereby nominate as a candidate in your
Automobile Prize Contest:

Name

Address

Nominated by

Address

NOTE—Only one nomination blank will be accepted for
any one candidate.

\$300 for
Patriotic
Purposes

In the City Churches

Anglican

St. John the Evangelist.—Church of St. John the Evangelist, 1115 Broadway, will hold its 11th Sunday school at 10 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon at 11 a.m. Sunday school at 1:30 p.m. The Rev. C. W. Saunders will preach at both services. At the evening service he will be giving the first part of a paraphrase of the "Gospel of St. John" for the week.

St. Paul's Church.—14th street and 16th avenue. Services begin with morning prayer and holy communion at 8 a.m. Morning prayer and Bible classes meet in the parish hall, 14th street, at 9 a.m. The Rev. Canon Howcroft will be the preacher morning and evening.

St. Luke's Church.—14th street and 16th avenue. Holy communion, 8 a.m. Morning prayer and holy communion, 11 a.m. Sunday school, 2:30 p.m.; evening, 7:30 p.m. The Rev. Canon Howcroft will be the preacher morning and evening.

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HISTORY OF CHURCH BURNED AT BEAUMONT

Construction Began in 1895

Pioneers Beg Low Very Keenly

Beaumont, N.S. Service. The people of Beaumont, in deep sorrow, today view the pile of ashes which form the ruins of the church which was destroyed by fire in many ways.

Some of the old people well remember the visit late Bishop Grandin paid to Beaumont to choose the site of the church. His Lordship's secretary, Father Lacombe, of venerable memory, accompanied the illustrious prelate, and, finally, through his aid, the church was built on the site of the old mill race in the autumn of 1893.

The last service was held on the premises of the church, and the construction of the new church was begun. The last service was held on the premises of the church, and the construction of the new church was begun.

Shingles were donated by Mr. Charles. The church was built on the site of the old mill race in the autumn of 1893. The last service was held on the premises of the church, and the construction of the new church was begun.

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The After Effects of La Grippe

Often Follows With the Disease Half-Healing Left Weak, Nervous and Worn Out

La Grippe—the name by which influenza is most generally known—is a disease which is almost always followed by the after effects of the disease. It is a disease which is almost always followed by the after effects of the disease.

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Constitution and By-Laws

Associate Board of Trade

Following is the constitution and by-laws of the Associate Board of Trade of the City of Edmonton, Alberta, as amended.

Section 1. Name and Object.—The name of the board shall be the Associate Board of Trade of the City of Edmonton, Alberta, and its object shall be to promote the interests of the city and its commerce.

Section 2. Membership.—The board shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a committee of five members, all of whom shall be residents of the city.

Section 3. Officers.—The president shall be elected by the board for a term of one year. The vice-president, secretary, and treasurer shall be elected by the board for a term of one year.

Section 4. Meetings.—The board shall meet at least once a month, and may hold special meetings at any time. The meetings shall be held at the city hall.

Section 5. Finance.—The board shall have the right to raise money by subscription, and may receive donations from any person or corporation.

Section 6. Powers.—The board shall have the right to make recommendations to the city council, and may carry out any project approved by the council.

Section 7. Dissolution.—The board may be dissolved by a resolution of the city council, and its assets shall be turned over to the city.

Section 8. Amendments.—The constitution and by-laws may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the board.

Ringworm on Child's Head

Caused Great Distress and Spread to Neck and Ears—Cure Was Speedily Effectuated When Right Treatment Was Recommended

There is no disease so skin more obnoxious than ringworm, and the cure is not so simple as it is often supposed to be. It is a disease which is almost always followed by the after effects of the disease.

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Why Piles P

A Free Trial of Pylamid Pile Treatment Will Answer the Question Emphatically

What are piles? Piles are a common ailment which affects many people. They are a condition of the rectum and anus which is caused by a variety of factors, including constipation, straining, and poor diet.

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Other Services

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Germany's Under-Sea "Frightfulness" a Failure

A Careful Summing-up of von Tirpitz's Submarine Campaign During the Year 1917

Canada's New Naturalization Law Workers to Rule the World German Idea of President Wilson's "Infamous Design"

How to Test Your Intelligence The Briquet As a Coal Saver Cook Your Bananas Raising Crops to Win the War

Where Our Rare Books Come From Adult and Juvenile Delinquency Can We Bridge the Atlantic? (Prepared by U.S. Bureau of Education)

Many Human-Interest Illustrations, Diagrams, and Cartoons

"The Digest" the Magazine for Thinking People

Every day that passes discloses more and more clearly the fact that the war in which the democracies of the world are engaged is a people's war, that the world is being fought out not for the benefit of the classes but for the benefit of the masses.

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Why Best for Babies?

"Grim's Chamberlain" is a fact often asked why Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is best for babies. Well, there are several reasons:

First: It is perfectly harmless and can be given with every confidence to the youngest or most delicate child.

Secondly: It contains no alcohol, opium, chloroform, morphine or any other narcotic.

Thirdly: Children like it, and no persuasion is needed to get them to take it.

For the above reasons alone it is impossible to get a better medicine for babies than

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

But aside from its safety it relieves coughs and colds, is the best remedy known for croup, and when given soon as the croupy cough appears it often prevents the attack.

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The Literary Digest

Mark of Distinction to Be a Reader of The Literary Digest

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Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

ENGLISH WOMEN FIRE FIGHTERS



The fire brigade at a munitions factory in Middlesex. There are twenty-four, eight on duty at a time, three shifts a day.

GERMAN KULTUR IN EAST AFRICA



A party of chained natives under guard in East Africa. This photo was taken from a captured German officer.

FOUR POWERFUL HELPERS OF THE BOLSHEVIST GOVERNMENT



Top, left to right: Esenin, Abram Krylenko, commander-in-chief of the Bolshevik armies; General Muralov, commander of the Moscow Military Garrison, who recently has been going on. Lower, left to right: M. Antonov, a former school teacher, commander-in-chief of the Petrograd garrison, and II. Toffe, chairman of the Military Revolutionary Committee.

How Would You Like To Be a Boche With This Man in the Opposite Trench



Charles N. Newcomb of Philadelphia, national amateur trap-shooting champion, who won the 600 target event at Pinehurst with a total of 576, shooting from the sixteen-yard line.

WIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER MAN



Lady Northcliffe has recently been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of British Empire in recognition of her services in connection with war hospitals.

LATE JOHN L. SULLIVAN



Greatest real fighter of modern times, as he looked shortly before his death.

SIR PERCY GIROUARD



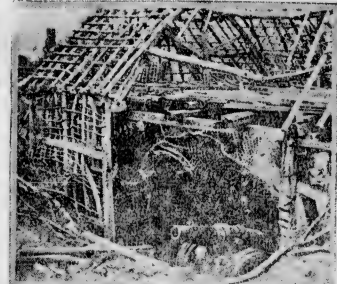
Montrealer who may be the next governor of British East Africa.

ONE OF THE TANKS AFTER CAMBRAI



Men drove the wedge into the lines the Germans claimed could never be budged. The shells did a little damage, but the tank did considerable more than she received.

GERMAN CAMOUFLAGE



Captured German howitzer apparently screened by shell of a ruined dwelling. "Not so." The wily Hun has simply devised this as a new form of camouflage.

A GROCERY THAT COMES TO THE CONSUMER

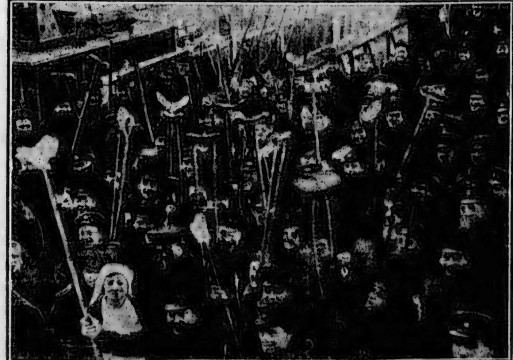


How an Arkansas grocer utilizes the motor truck to facilitate business. He brings his stock to the door and the housewife never has to send an order back.



The C.P.R. station at Rosedale was made short work of by the flames. All that remains of the once important station is shown in the picture.

CRUTCH SQUADS HAIL 'SIGHT OF BLIGHTY



Wounded British Tommies waving their crutch as a sign of joy at once more being home. They men have just arrived from German prison camps by way of Holland. They are unfit physically for further military duty, and have been exchanged for an equal number of wounded Germans in English prison camps.

THE RUSSIAN BOLSHEVIK CABINET



This, the first photograph of the Bolshevik cabinet to reach Canada, shows (from left to right): Zlotowsky, Michailow, Lunsharsky, Minister of Education; Trotsky, Foreign Minister; General Murawow, and Nogin, Minister of Commerce. The woman on the other side of the table is Alexandra Kollontay.

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1918.



with me tonight," she said, and then, suddenly brightening: "Oh, Jack, will you take me?"

That is how I happened to be in at the meeting of Editha Revelle and Annabelle. We had sat through the first act of an insane, amateurish sort of thing which was supposedly artistic and were out in the lobby. Editha Revelle was due to dance during the intermission.

As we stood a little to one side down near where the shops are, with their wonderful array of semi-precious jewels, sophisticated pictures and bits of old tapestry, a cab drove up to the curbstone.

We could see out into the entry. Quite plainly then we beheld Lionel Baker and Editha. They were in a hurry, for Editha was flushed, and she went a step or two ahead of Lionel.

They passed us at first, unseeing, then Lionel, turning, saw Annabelle standing close to me, in her deep blue opera coat, out of whose white fur collar the little face rose so clear and sweet.

He stood still, and Editha, looking, retraced her steps instinctively. So we four stood, caught in the situation. Then Lionel said inanely:

"Oh, hello, Annabelle!"

"Hello, Lionel," she answered in kind, and stood waiting for him to make the next move.

"You've met Miss Revelle, haven't you?" he went on awkwardly.

"Yes," said Annabelle directly. And if I've painted her so far as a sleek and mild woman, I've unwittingly done her an injustice. For she stood straight and slim and very sure of herself as she continued: "I fear my husband should apologize for his detention of you, Miss Revelle, though he has every excuse."

But Annabelle's graciousness evidently did not touch Editha. The girl found no words nor poise to answer. And because she knew herself at a disadvantage she took out her temper on Baker.

"You needn't come back with me," she snapped. "I'm late as it is." And with a barely perceptible nod toward Annabelle she was gone.

I was hoping that the incident, tending to show Lionel the fairness of his wife, her simplicity and breadth, would cause a breach between him and Editha Revelle, but he went on, as enamored as ever.

On the day of the young woman's last sitting Lionel came in as usual to take her to luncheon. Infatuation had got him by the throat, and he cared little now for appearances.

The more helpless I felt the more I saw red. That they should use my studio for their meeting place seemed in some way an affront to Annabelle, who after all was my kinswoman and in a manner entitled to my protection.

But Editha, intent on her purposes, went directly toward their fulfillment. On this last day she said suddenly to Baker:

"I'm going to New York tomorrow."

His face blanched. Heavens! He was hard hit.

"You have a contract with the Little Theater management," he said.

"I've broken it," she said carelessly.

"When will you return?"

There was a luring light in her eyes that, painting busily, I still got as definitely as did Baker. She meant then to have him entirely to herself, away from all known and familiar environment—even his business, though on this last she kept a vigilant eye.

"You have intended to open a branch in New York, Lionel?" she asked.

"Some time," he answered.

And then in a white heat I threw down my brush.

"Baker," I said, "I want to see you—anywhere but here!"

He turned from his gazing at Editha as though coming back to a world uninteresting and flat. Then, perhaps sensing all that I felt toward him of anger and resentment, he answered quickly:

"At my club at 4."

They left then immediately, for I refused to finish the sitting, and there was no friendliness in the glance I gave him when I met him at his club at the appointed time.

"Well?" he snapped out.

"I don't wish you to make my place a rendezvous any longer," I answered back.

"Baker!" I cried as the servant vanished. "For God's sake, are you lost to all decency?"

"I'm lost to all save heaven," he answered.

It was hopeless, bound as he was to the chariot of the dancing woman. I turned to go as the servant again entered

stood on my easel, completed but not delivered.

Baker probably was yearning out his heart for her, resenting undoubtedly that human sympathy kept him chained to his wife.

And then one day, when Annabelle had quite recovered, Baker came into my studio.

I had not seen him for weeks, not since the day at the club, and I saw at once that he had changed in some subtle manner. He was thinner—perhaps that was it—yet it was some more important change I sensed.

He stood a moment looking at me, and for the first time since his marriage I caught very slenderly the spirit that Annabelle knew in him. It was a fleeting, delicate impression, and I scoffed at myself for a lunatic. But nevertheless it was as though a thin golden flame had wavered between us—and was gone!

It was bad luck, of course, that I had that morning hung Editha Revelle's picture on my exhibition wall. But there it was, in all its cold and selfish beauty, gazing out at Baker.

With a sort of disdainful courage that cared nothing for another's criticism, he walked directly to the canvas and stood long in contemplation.

At last he turned, touched his pocket lightly, and said:

"Miss Revelle's a brilliant success."

He had been corresponding with her, then. And if I knew her kind, she was not willing to keep hands off her rightful prey, as she would consider Baker to be.

Suddenly some fire was lit within me. Near my hand stood a covered and cherished canvas. With a quick movement I flung down the cover and revealed Annabelle—Annabelle as she had looked on the day she came to tell me of her engagement to Baker. There, in her eyes, rested that calm and unshakable faith for the man to whom she had given her love, and having given it, went the whole way.

"Annabelle!" I heard him say.

"Annabelle," I answered. "A woman beyond price—and yet you—"

"Why," he said, "you love her!"

I flung up my head. If he had discovered my secret, I should not be ashamed.

"Go to your dancing woman!" I cried. "As for Annabelle—I will take care of Annabelle!"

But he did not answer me. At once he put his hand into his pocket, took out a letter and tore it to pieces.

"Have you not seen," he asked, "that something has happened to me?"

I did not answer.

He turned then to the picture of Annabelle.

"You must know," he said slowly, "since you put the light into her eyes—you saw, too."

The light in Annabelle's eyes!

"Why," I cried, "she came to me four years ago, saying the light was in your eyes. She saw eternal faith, eternal love—in you!" I broke off laughing in a scorn that hid a sob.

But he answered:

"Yes, she saw all that in me—when she was ill and delirious she talked of what she alone, God knows, saw in me." He stopped. "I—I didn't know any woman could believe like that," he finished. "But when she does—well, a man is made a king!"

He left me then with no other word, and I stood staring at the two portraits—the cold, calculating woman, beautiful as a man's dream of woman who had lost; and the other with the fine, high faith in her eyes, one who had never wavered from her vision, who had won, whose belief, as I was later to know, was so perfectly justified, for if she had crowned Baker, she herself had received, as I could see, a king!

(Copyright, 1919, by J. Keating.)



She stood before me in her soft lavender dress, with a little chiffon scarf about her shoulders and a gray fur hat coming down over her deep eyes, and a savage lamp came up into my throat.

He looked up at me with so far-away and so radiant an expression that I was struck silent. When words did come they stung me into a dreadful apprehension.

"I shan't need to," he said.

"You mean—"

"Why should I try to make you understand. There are heights you couldn't ascend."

"Nor depths I couldn't touch!"

He didn't answer, and I saw he had crossed his Rubicon. So we stood, he obsessed—mad, I truly believed, since he was ready to throw over everything held dear by man, his honor and his manhood.

I turned to leave him just as a servant entered the room.

"Mrs. Baker is in her car," said the man. "She will drive you home."

Baker started, called back to a reality forgotten.

"Tell Mrs. Baker," he said to the servant, "that I'm sorry I can't go home with her now. I have an important engagement."

the room. His face was white, his lips trembling.

"Mrs. Baker"—he commenced—"Mrs. Baker—your wife—"

Baker stood perfectly still. When he spoke his voice had roughened, his fine, uplifted manner was gone. He seemed to shrink, to dwindle with a sudden fear.

"What is it?" he cried.

"Your wife's car turned over at the corner," cried the servant: "She's hurt!"

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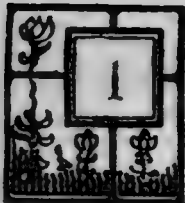
Annabelle proved to be rather badly hurt; but with the resilience of youth she recovered eventually. She lay ill for a number of weeks, due to shock, and for days she was delirious. Her days of illness and convalescence served the purpose of keeping Baker at her side. Even he, willing as he had been in an insane moment to fling the gauntlet in society's face, could not find courage to leave under the conditions.

Editha Revelle left for New York and was a flaunted success. Her picture still

SUNSET OF BLOOD

By Arthur James Hayes

Illustrated by Ben Cohen



IT CONTINUED to rain. The dugout was only an artificial one, and the seepage of the moisture through the earth thrown loosely over the log roof was rapid. Great drops glist-

tened momentarily in the yellow candle light and then plopped down upon the blue-print plans. At the door stood the sentry, a stolid, squat youth, his face habitually so passive as to suggest that the young Brandenburger was not of a very high order of intelligence.

A delicate, spindle-legged table of the Louis Quinze type stood in the center of the room. It seemed singularly incongruous in that muddy environment. Four officers thrust their heavy boots under it and pored with lowered heads over the plans. The major, a paunchy old fellow with a sword-cut over his eye and a bristling white mustache, moved small red-topped pins backward in irregular alignment.

"Saxon schwein!" he grunted. "Always they give way before the British!" His pudgy finger traced the record of defeat along a series of red pins that bit eastward on the blue surface of the map. "Against the Belgians or French they will fight like devils, but the English—!" His rumbling accents died out, leaving the expression unfinished.

The tired young Bavarian lieutenant ventured an opinion.

"Excellent," he said, "it is that they think they are of the same blood. At Monier we even discovered on their trenches a sign. It said, 'You are Anglo-Saxons; we, Saxons. Why should we fight each other?'"

The old major flushed an apoplectic purple.

"Donner und blitzen!" he roared. "And for that—were there executions, eh? Was the whole company lined up before a machine gun squad, as should be with such dogs?"

The lieutenant flushed.

"We executed four men," he replied. "It is not known that the others sympathized—"

The major struck the table with his fist. The candles toppled, guttering in their own grease. Captain von Anstahl reached over and picked them up. His superior officer did not heed the courtesy.

"Verzagt hunds!" he ejaculated. "Are they of one blood when the English come over with bayonets? Two miles now, they have herded like sheep before these praying Ladies from Hell! It is not well that German troops should flee before skirt wearers!"

Captain von Anstahl laughed softly.

"Germans?" he said.

The three Bavarians turned eyes of smoldering hostility upon him. The light from the two candles threw his features into clear relief. His cheeks were faintly pink and his small yellow mustache was nicely waxed. The long, close-cropped head and sharp profile were those of the high-class Prussian. His blue eyes held a studied insolence that seemed most patient when he was saluting a Bavarian superior officer or listening to their ponderous boastings.

♦ ♦ ♦

MAJOR ARMGAARD glared across the table.

"Prussia is not all of Germany," he said shortly. "Who hold the sectors to the north and south? It is bad that the name 'German' must be borne by mule-faced louts of Saxons. But there are others!"

Captain Anderhoff and Lieutenant Friestedt looked fixedly at the young Prussian. They vouchsafed no comment, however. The latter extracted a silver cigaret case from his pocket, lighted a cigaret and thrust the case back into his

great coat. Silence descended in the dugout. He had not offered the others a smoke.

They exchanged glances covertly, then lowered their eyes to the map. Major Armgaard was again speaking.

"Here and here and here," he rumbled, indicating various points along the irregular line defined by the red pins, "we report 'positions untenable.' I have never seen such a cursed accuracy in the enemy fire. There was that Ventrière sap, for instance! Almost a mile long and mined for use after strategic retreat. Yet hardly have we the powder sunk before a big shell lights on the terminal mine and blows everything to hell. Six hundred men, at least, gone in one blow!"

"And the shelling of the Seventeenth Wurtembergers," added Captain Anderhoff. "They were moved up at midnight, yet such a hell fire of shells as they encountered I have never seen equaled. From Aronne to Malinchar is a good two miles, but I swear that every ten feet of the road had a shell at almost the same instant. Of some companies there were not enough left for a full patrol!"

Captain von Anstahl gave a suggestive shrug. "Those damned French and English air scouts—they are fiends! If only we had a Boelke or two, eh?"

His bold glance searched the faces of his companions. Slow red was mounting in the Bavarians' cheeks. By common impulse they glowered at him. There were no Prussian airmen on the Ventrière sector, as they well knew. And Boelke was Prussian.

Anderhoff leaned over the table. His gray eyes met those of his vis-a-vis. "You've seen Boelke fly while you were with the Eighth Anhalt Cavalry, did you not?" he asked.

Von Anstahl nodded.

"Why did you leave General von Bremmer's staff?" queried Anderhoff.

The Prussian leaned over slightly. His jaw set tensely and his steel blue eyes fairly crackled.

"I left," he said slowly, "because I had slapped the face of a captain who wished to know things that were no concern of his."

The color receded from Anderhoff's countenance. He half-heaved himself out of his chair, but Major Armgaard laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Stop this nonsense!" he commanded sharply. "And listen!"

Armgaard relaxed sullenly. Lieutenant Friestedt stared covertly at Von Anstahl. They listened. The distant rumbling sounds had grown in volume. At intervals a shock would communicate itself to the dugout logs, causing them to

vibrate audibly. Particles of earth filtered down and smeared the wet blueprints.



"They're at it again," he remarked pleasantly. "This time it seems nearer. I suppose that big tri-

plane that we missed today reported our new trench lines on the Vieux-Calle."

The door was thrust open. A breathless young lieutenant, smeared with mud, entered and saluted. From beneath the rim of his steel helmet the blood was welling.

"Excellent," he said, "the first line—it has been evacuated. The men are falling back! We tried to hold them, but they broke! Fire has been terribly accurate all day. I think—"

♦ ♦ ♦

THE men at the table were on their feet in an instant. Major Armgaard roared a series of instructions, interspersed with frequent oaths.

"Der achweinhunds!" he cried. "At once must we re-enforce them! Order Baumgartner up with the reserves! You, Friestedt, will communicate at once with Captain Alzen. Tell him the Larocourt trenches must be reoccupied!"

The lieutenant and Captain Anderhoff disappeared into the night. Armgaard turned slowly and stared at Von Anstahl. Between his bushy white eyebrows a frown gathered.

"Always it is harder to hold them," he said slowly. "This fire cracks endurance quickly. It is nerves, I would say."

The cynical smile on Von Anstahl's lips was replaced by a look of grave concern.

"Those English," he said, "they throw shells as a child scatters sand, is it not?"

Earlier—at Ypres and Mons and St. Elia—they could return but one shell for every dozen fired. Now—it is otherwise. Today I phoned back to the Fifth Ham-burg field artillery—I heard they had replaced the Seventy-first—for more shells. Their reply was illuminating: 'You've had all you can be spared for today!'"

The old major sat back in the shadow. Von Anstahl watched him keenly. The veteran's face seemed to fall into

many wrinkles, and below his eyes the cheeks sagged until the red rim resembled that of a great St. Bernard. The handsome young captain groped in his coat slashes.

"Have a cigaret," he said.

The major took it eagerly.

"H-mm," he grunted, "these are better than the canteen kind, eh?" Idly he scrutinized the gold monogram. "L—F—A—" he read slowly.

"Ludwig Frantz—von Anstahl," said the captain with a smile.

Armgaard rubbed his eyes.

"I no longer see well," he admitted reluctantly. "I think that staring into darkness too long at a time is bad. But then—it is war!"

The younger officer nodded sympathetically.

"Few sectors are getting such a pounding as this," he said. "Sometimes I think—"

"What?" snapped the major.

Von Anstahl shrugged his shoulders. "I think that if the general staff knew what was happening here at Ventrière they would feel concern!"

"Always they come on," muttered the major. He seemed to be talking to himself. The drops from the logs overhead had made a little pool on the table. Idly he drew this out across the dryer portions, marking imaginary trenches in parallel lines that glistened in the candle light.

"For three months," he said, "we have been pounded this way. Thousands—millions of shells have come over. And they are accurate as the eye of death itself. A new trench is in an hour a mere battered streak of raw gravel!"

"Yes," said Von Anstahl softly, "gravel—and dead men. This morning I went forward. The mud was everywhere. It clung to my clothes until they were so heavy that walking was hard. If I touched the edge of a communication trench the stuff slumped down like melted butter. The English shells lighted with a dull 'plop' and then hurried their might against the mud. Tons of the sticky, choking stuff was thrown into the air. It is not like dry earth. After a shell explosion has covered a man with the stuff he literally drowns in it before he can struggle out. And from every concussion tons of mud drop into the trenches. It is discouraging—this endless digging and endless struggling through mud. And always that hell of steel is raining down upon us. Day or night, it matters not.

"The communication leads are choked with wounded men. The dead—they are just tossed over the parapet. It makes a nice smell, too, after a few days in this weather. And the hammering goes on. Division after division I have seen worn away here like cheese against a grater. It is the last elevation of ground we hold west of the river."

Major Armgaard's jaw set grimly, and

stead he leveled his rifle toward the station, which was mantled in the mists of early morning, and sent in that direction three shots in quick succession. Except for shattering the upper mash of the window, and one bullet which spoiled the agent's stuffed blouse hanging on the wall, the shots did little other damage.

For a few seconds it seemed as if Matt, rattled by his nervousness, had used his piece for no other reason than his overwrought nerves might suggest. Then the glint of several rifle barrels could be seen, some pushed from the broken window and some from the corners of the building.

"It's up with you boys!" boomed a

heavy voice. "We've got the drop. You'll chuck your rifle and come in nice and quiet for your cuffs—and one by one. Otherwise—and it sure pains me to inform you—it's a quick slide for coffins and tombstones, and the devil waiting with his little potato hook. Ten men in this posse—and they can all shoot like hell!"

One of the robbers took a big chance. He broke from his companions and raced toward the timber, which at this place borders the river. But he had not made a dozen strides before a rifle rang out and he stumbled into a crumpled heap.

Five minutes later the sheriff of the county snapped handcuffs on three

amazed roadmen, remarking as he did so:

"Got little Miss Nerry's phone more than two hours ago, but it took time to dig out a posse, and then we come near getting lost in our scramble over the hill. However, we're all here at this pleasant little gathering, and you boys will git what's coming to you. Which goes to show I wasn't elected sheriff of this county for nothing!" We can excuse him his boast in the last sentence. Certain political enemies had expressed a doubt as to what service he would render if he were elected.

A little later he added to Kennedy and Miller:

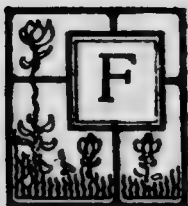
"We chuck these galeets into the freight-house. And perhaps your wife, Kennedy, can wrangle out some coffee and something to eat. Tramping through wet brush and before my breakfast ain't what I call healthy!"

It is supposed to be the modern stunt to omit remarks or morals at the end of stories. I will risk criticism by adding a remark. And a quarter of million of dollars is a good deal of money, but if Danny Miller had not been of far more value to the early morning operator of the White Horse River station than tons of bank bills, it seems unlikely that the hold-up would have been made a double.

TENACITY OF FAITH

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by Bess Bethell



FAITH, I've always thought, had to have intelligence in it, like any other quality. Yet Annabelle Baker's faith seemed to lack just that, intelligence, for she believed absolutely

in her wandering husband, and no act of his seemed strong enough or evidential enough to move from her eyes their shining look of adoration when they rested on him.

Annabelle is my second cousin, and on the score of that relationship she used to run into my studio at odd hours. I shall never forget the afternoon waning toward twilight when she came in and announced her engagement to Lionel Baker.

She was 20 at the time—a rosebud sort of girl with great charm and innocence. Usually I don't approve of mothers, shielding their daughters from the things of the world, but Annabelle, whether shielded or not, would have preserved that rare look of candor.

It was this look she wore when she told me she loved Lionel Baker, and my very evident consternation at her news did not serve to lift the glory from her face.

"He's liked so many girls in his time, Jack," she told me, "yet he wants me."

I might have answered that young Lionel Baker would go on to the end of his days liking girls, but I refrained. You can't throw mud at a stained glass window. And so I remained silent and let Annabelle talk.

"From the first time I met Lionel," she said in the intimate way she had with me, "I think I liked him. I didn't really fall in love with him, you know, but I was attracted by that something different in his face."

"Something different!" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes, haven't you noticed it? A light behind his eyes, a something steady that nothing from the outside will ever be able to blow out."

I couldn't, to save me, answer her; only regard her with a gaze of bewilderment. A steady light behind Lionel Baker's eyes! A young cub was he, with a fine taste for women; a rare way with them and not too much decency in dropping them when they bored him.

And he had gained for his own this girl with the luminous vision. She stood before me in her soft lavender dress, with a little chiffon scarf about her shoulders and a gray fur hat coming down over her deep eyes, and a savage lump came up into my throat.

IN DUE time Annabelle married Baker, and he was duly devoted to her for a time. I'm confident he was more in love with her than he'd ever been with any other woman, but he was not a one-woman man.

A whole year passed with Lionel playing the dutiful husband, and Annabelle glowing like a pearl that, lovely enough before now, added rose tints to its per-

fection. And I suppose all the time she was seeing the light behind her husband's very attractive gray eyes.

And then came Alice, a dove-like little woman—harmless, too, in intent; only she must always have a scalp at her belt. She had all the known tricks—wide, ingenuous eyes, turned suddenly on a man; soft, flexible mouth, with the cleft upper lip, which ever means willful selfishness.

ALICE turned her eyes on Lionel one night at a party. I saw him look away from her over to Annabelle, who was the center of a crowd, but the promise of an interesting game was too much for him, and he entered at once into its delightful intricacies.

During the month or six weeks that followed Alice and Baker went about together as much as his lucrative leather business (handed down to him by his father) would allow, till the inevitable happened. One or the other tired of the game and Lionel went home to his wife, while Alice sought a newer and perhaps more interesting partner.

And yet Annabelle preserved her calm and her beauty. Her eyes still glowed as they rested on her husband. Perhaps she was unaware of his philandering.

Several divergences like the one with Alice served to make Lionel's roving instincts very noticeable. Certainly he didn't go uncommented on when it became general gossip that he was paying ardent attention to a young dancer who was studying interpretation at the Conservatory and dancing between acts at the Little Theater.

The girl was attractive enough. When some fool man took Lionel by the arm at the Country Club and took him to where she stood in her long Grecian draperies Lionel started, but she didn't even look up. She was accustomed to attention, and one man more or less made little difference to her.

But Baker won out there, too, perhaps because he was rich picking. At any rate he and little Miss Revelle were seen together at odd moments and on odd occasions. And some of us wondered what the end here would be.

I had opportunity to know something of his affair with Editha Revelle, because at the time I was doing a picture of her for the Little Theater people. She came into my studio one day clad in white corduroy, a great bunch of violets at her belt.

She sank into the great baronial chair placed for her with no word. She knew the value of silence. I could understand the fascination she exerted over Baker. But I couldn't understand his not even attempting to resist her under the conditions.

Wherein cold, calculating beauty is pitted against unbounded faith for a man's love, when fate takes a hand in the game

As I anticipated, while Miss Revelle sat aloofly watching me paint, Baker came in. I had suspected his appearance, because, despite her pose of indifference, her eyes occasionally shifted to the door.

Miss Revelle spoke a quick word of greeting, and as there came no answer I turned from my easel to regard Baker, and then I knew. He was quite hopelessly in love.

He answered the girl. "Editha," he said, "you weren't home last night when I called."

She opened her cool eyes full upon him and smiled.

"But I told you I shouldn't be home," she said.

"You have said so before," he replied in a dogged voice, "and then changed your mind."

A savage mood came over me. "What's the matter, Baker?" I asked; "something gone wrong with your digestion? I thought Annabelle was a good cook."

He pulled himself together and answered.

"I'm anxious that Miss Revelle should be successful in her work. If she breaks her engagements, plays about with men, then I can't help her."

Miss Revelle smiled at this absurdity, but the cool calculation in her eyes did not lessen.

Baker approached her, stood looking at her as she sat in the big chair. She was like a snow queen, exquisite, remote, wrapped in an icy seclusion.

"Where are you going from here?" Baker asked at length.

And coming suddenly out of her measured remoteness, she flashed a brilliant smile at him.

"To luncheon with you, if that is possible," she answered. "Will you wait?"

OF COURSE he waited. When I had finished the sitting Miss Revelle stepped down from the little uplift on which her chair rested and walked deliberately to Baker. She put her hand on his arm and turned to address me.

"It's very hard to persuade this young man that I can't always do as he wishes," she said.

"He himself is too busy, or should be," I answered shortly, "to wait on anybody's vagaries; he has a thriving business and a pretty wife."

"Is his wife pretty?" asked Editha, raising her eyebrows.

"The loveliest lady I know," I answered. I did not look at Baker, but I heard his voice.

"Shall we go, Editha?" They walked toward the door.

"I have the afternoon free," I heard

him saying eagerly as they went out into the hall.

The affair was more serious than any other. I thought of Annabelle, and on an impulse went to see her.

It was late afternoon when I reached her home, quite 5 o'clock, and yet there, seated in the room Annabelle liked best, a room unpretentious yet cozy, filled with books, with a fireplace flanking its north corner, was Alice.

Alice greeted me prettily and Annabelle shook my hand. I could see no marks on her face that would show emotional upheaval. Alice rose after a moment and said she must be going.

But as she turned to go she spoke to me directly.

"I hear you're doing a picture of Editha Revelle."

"Yes," I answered curtly enough. But she pressed on.

"She's wonderfully beautiful, isn't she?"

And Annabelle answered.

"I'm going to see her dance tonight at the Little Theater."

Alice turned like a flash.

"You admire her, then, Mrs. Baker?"

"Very greatly," said Annabelle steadily. "I think she has a real gift."

"Isn't it lovely," murmured Alice in a voice that sounded to my prejudiced ears like the marauding cat that disturbed my slumber, "that you and Lionel are in accord there." She looked up laughingly. "I wish my husband liked Editha, but he won't even take me to see her dance."

AFTER she had gone I waited. Annabelle, seated before the grate fire, motioned me to a seat beside her.

"What did Alice mean," she asked, "about Lionel and Miss Revelle?"

"Who can interpret Alice?" I evaded.

"Of course Lionel is a beauty worshiper," Annabelle went on. "He was when I married him, why shouldn't he be now?"

And then suddenly she, too, laughed.

"I know what ails Alice," she said.

"What ails Alice?"

"Well, perhaps you noticed awhile back that Lionel paid her a little attention in his harmless way, but he dropped her after a while and I suppose she resents that."

"You evidently don't mind Lionel's wanderings?" I said tactlessly.

"Lionel will always love beauty," she repeated. "And it doesn't matter whom he admires for the moment. His deepest love is mine."

She said this with such pride, such perfect faith that I could only stare at her, trying to understand. While I was wondering, she spoke quickly.

"You'll stay to dinner, Jack? I see so little of you that when I do I want to keep you."

"Why, I'd like to, Annabelle," I said, and just then the telephone rang.

Annabelle ran to the little desk and answered. When she hung up the receiver she turned to me, a little shadow darkening her face.

"Lionel won't be able to go to the play

Both an impulsive shove he thrust his head against the little line of red-topped pins.

"When we go," he said sharply, "we go like that! Then the hellish valley, with the English on the heights. And their millions and millions of shells. We shall be pounded to pieces in there. And when the time comes the cavalry—ah, there is an arm of the service! I was in it in '71—the horse will come through our tired lines, slashing as we used to slash at Worth and Mars-la-Tour!"

Silence fell, save for the vibrations of the logs as the ground shuddered under the impact of another large shell. The weeping rain gathered in pendant drops on the beams, poised a moment and then sped down like molten opals. Von Anstahl stood with his back to the sentry and looked down on the other's bowed head.

"You think, major," he asked, "that it is only a matter of days?"

Armgaard lifted his weary countenance.

"Days," he said dully. "Perhaps—with another week of rain—we may stave them off a while. You have been up and down the line, Captain von Anstahl, much more than I. What do you think?"

He asked the question pleadingly, his ruddy face puckering and his drooping eye pouches seeming to sag more noticeably. The major was very old.

The young Prussian went over closer to the table.

"Step outside!" he ordered the sentry. Then, after the vacant-faced Brandeburger had departed, he spoke. "I have seen the war, excellenz, from Liege to Ventriere. I have seen the greatest army in the world go into action. I have heard the shouts of triumph ringing through the September air, in the golden grain fields of France. I have seen it stopped by a thin line of grotesquely garbed men, who wore flaming red trousers and queer monkey jackets.

SAW another mob in khaki at Ypres. We sent against them the finest troops of the Fifth, Eighth and Fifteenth divisions. They fought hard. We shelled them and gassed them and charged them, but they fought on. Little isolated groups of fifteen or twenty wiped out whole companies of the fatherland's finest! They had little discipline, but they had spirit. We can never forget the Marne and Mons and the Somme." He leaned over and spoke in the other's ear.

"Do you remember that sunset the second day of the Marne? It was a—singular coincidence!" He laughed nervously. "I remember watching it from the top of a little knoll. It was red as fire. Against it the few ragged clouds were a dull purple. One of them crossed the face of the sun. In the scarlet evening sky its bulk looked like two great wings spread out and sagging forlornly. It looked—major—like the Prussian black eagle—with its head cut off!"

The major raised a gray visage. "Captain von Anstahl!" he cried, "this is strange talk from an officer of the general staff—from a Prussian!"

But his eyes, between their red-rimmed lids, looked wide and terrified, like those of a young child who fears the amorphous horrors of the dark.

Von Anstahl's cold blue eyes never wavered.

"We had our chance three years ago, major," he said incisively. "At the Marne! Where—where was the man whose name we dare not speak, but whose memory we curse, all of us, in our hearts? Mooning with a pretty woman in a French chateau! Lying in her arms while the fatherland's bravest men died in defeat!"

The major's face mottled purple with rage. He nodded slowly.

"Betrufen wie ein schwein!" he grated. "Drunk as a swine!"

Von Anstahl winced for his cigaret case. His lips set in a thin, bloodless line.

Those men who wore monkey clothes

at the Marne," he said, "and these undisciplined Canadian farmers at Ypres—since then they have improved greatly. Not in courage! That always was superb. But where we used to send ten shells to their two, they send now fifteen to our one! The French no longer wear the monkey clothes. The Canadians have gas masks now! If they had had gas masks at Ypres—" He shrugged his shoulders, smiling unpleasantly, in a way that tilted the points of his blond mustache.

Major Armgaard rose slowly. He fumbled on a shelf for his trench helmet.

The young captain adjusted his. Together they stepped out into the rain-swept darkness.

Their boots sank deep in mud that sucked and gurgled with each step. After a short walk in a trench through whose wood supports the liquid mud was seeping in broad ribbons, they emerged upon level ground. Before and behind them burned the malignant glare of the star shells. As far as the eye could reach ran two parallel lines of red flares.

Northward the British batteries were particularly active. The major pointed in that direction.

"Hemmelbach's division," he grunted. "They hammer him hard!"

He sought to say something else, but a huge shell lighted a couple of hundred yards in front of them and burst deafeningly. A spot of tawny mud mounted a hundred feet into the air, lit by a star shell until it gleamed straw-colored as taffy candy.

"Gott in Himmel!" ejaculated Von Anstahl. "Right in the trench!"

Hardly had he spoken before a second and a third followed. Against their brief red flare he could see the little black figures of men running to the rear. Some of them crumpled up and pitched forward into the mud. Panic seemed to have seized the black Bavarians. The twisting route of the communication trenches was too slow for them. Hundreds elected the open ground, staggering desperately through the mud of the shell-pitted area.

The major said something under his breath. Then he glanced at his illuminated wrist watch.

"We can brace them again in the second line," he said. "We are relieved at 12."

"At 12 sharp?" asked the captain.

"Yes," answered Armgaard. "Ten days to rest, Gott sei dank!"

The log-bottomed communication trenches echoed with the drum of feet. Von Anstahl jumped down into the nearest and sped forward. Around one of the jutting angles he confronted a mud and blood smeared mob. A wounded soldier headed them. Half of his face seemed gone, and out of the bloody countenance one eye burned bright with terror. Captain von Anstahl stepped aside to let him pass. Then he sprang forward and struck the second man a blow in the mouth.

"Schweinhunde!" he roared. "Bavarian curs! Back with you. Stand up to it here or face a firing squad in the billet at dawn!"

The crowding, jostling throng stopped. Before his leveled pistol and sneering eyes they quailed, edging about to return. A whole company they were, stark mad with fear, yet the chill voice and officer's insignia had wrought the miracle of German discipline.

Gurgling, churning water, honey-thick with mud, sloshed about their knees as they dragged themselves wearily back. The trench had caved in for 500 feet or more, and they unslung their trench spades and started listlessly to work. The ground underfoot quivered, jellylike, with the jar of myriads of trinitrotoluol-laden shells.

In the west a wavering curtain of flame undulated like the distant fringes of the aurora. Von Anstahl turned and stared eastward. Here was relatively unbroken blackness, save for the fitful flare in the sky caused by the discharge of the distant heavy artillery. The correspond-

ing reflection in the west was much more vivid and sustained.

There were now no individual shell sounds, save when one burst very close. Then night seemed to vibrate with a sustained noise that caused queer little pains in the eardrum. The young Prussian pushed his way forward. A great mound of earth obstructed the communication lane. Out of it a heavy, square-toed boot projected. It quivered slightly and was still.

"Glücksgrüß!" he ejaculated, "Lucky dog!"

He turned into a trench that cut sharply off at right angles. Water poured over its edge with a velocity that caused it to arch out almost into the middle of the ditch. Inserted shelllike in the wall was a small opening, in which two men lay prone, instruments at their ears. They saluted jerkily.

Oblivious to the downpour that caught him fairly on the chest, Von Anstahl snapped a question.

"Hightlanders, sir," said the first operator, a mere lad with pale, pinched features. "They've gone over at F-55 and K-7. I can't get any report in from farther down the line. North, Hemmelbach is evacuating Karsy ridge. I guess that means—"

"Never mind what you guess," snapped the Prussian.

"When are we relieved?"

"At 12, sir."

"Who is coming up?"

"Eighty-first Saxe-Altenburgers, sir."

"Cavalry, eh?" muttered the Prussian. He turned and strode away into the darkness. A minute later his face reappeared at the operator's dugout.

"How do they come up?" he asked.

"From the church straight west to the base of hill 15. They enter from the north, deploying down as we leave from the other end."

Back with the major, he inveighed bitterly against the dismounting of the Saxe-Altenburg regiments.

"Some day," he observed, "we shall need cavalry for just what you anticipated tonight!"

Major Armgaard nodded.

"But what can we do?" he asked. "It is either the crack cavalry regiments or raw 15-year-old lads. And the latter are useless. A boy is not a man, captain. They break down quickly. War like this—it is a job for men!"

The Saxe-Altenburgers met a warm reception. Sharply at 12 the British guns sought out the particular black ribbon of darkness that cloaked the nocturnal march of the fresh troops from the ruined church to the base of the elevation marked on the blueprints as hill 15. Shells hammered the communication trenches to shapeless scars upon the breast of the weary earth.

THEY crept over mounds from which feet and arms projected, through shell craters and the cellars of ruined houses, across the debris of shattered "pill boxes," splintered logs and scattered sandbags. Hardly had they secured their places when the flame of the barrage fire dropped between them and retreat, and settled ominously into a sustained roar.

An hour later, when their nerves were already jumping with the shock of unprecedentedly large trench casualties, the night erupted hundreds of strange, skirted men, whose eyes, lighted by the Germans' rockets and star shells, gleamed sinister as their bayonets. A few of these men hung limp in the barbed wire entan-



lements, but the hundreds who pierced the barrier came on.

The lines of tall cavalymen, unused to bayonet work, melted before the attack. At noon of the next day Berlin reported that "a considerable stretch of first line trenches was lost to the enemy last night in the Ventriere sector. Strong counter-attacks are now under way."

It omitted to state that the Fifteenth Bavarians, tottering back through the second lines, were caught in a decimating enfilade shell fire that followed with uncanny accuracy from hill 7 to the ruins of Lac-qui-Arie. The shell-harried Bavarians tottered into Monarche and lay down beside fences and ruins and ash heaps to sleep in their muddy clothes, hardly taking time to detach their equipment.

Grandpere Planchette thrust his thin blue hands toward the open fire.

"Tonight," he muttered, "tonight they come!"

The German officers seated about the table turned to regard the white-haired old fellow whimsically.

"Who comes, doddering fool?" queried Captain Anderhoff pleasantly.

The old Belgian turned around slowly. His watery, near-sighted eyes fastened stupidly upon the German's countenance.

"Tonight," he reiterated, "they come—the soldiers of Albert Roi, pour la libre Belgique!"

Captain von Anstahl smiled pleasantly.

"I would not be too enthusiastic. Who knows, perchance, that if they came we would not feel inclined to pull out your goat beard by the roots?"

From the other room a young girl entered. Her eyes widened with horror at the threat, even so quizzical in tone. Her long-lashed brown eyes sought the face of the young Prussian officer.

"Pauvre Grandpere!" she deprecated; "it is not that he thinks what he says! Since he lost his four sons in—in the ter-

of a big and fashionable restaurant in St. Louis. Our modern rockmen, although they may no longer ride priceless stallions or flaunt their lace ruffles, glittering side-arms and velvet doublets in wayside hostleries, have their rendezvous as of old.

There is nothing new under sun, moon, stars or electric lights, even in the ways of knights of the road, who will bring up for you all standing a 150-ton locomotive, just as in days long gone their antitypes did a rattling stage coach. Since and before that "certain man" was emptied by thieves and thrown in a ditch gentlemen of the road have changed very little.

ON THE evening referred to by the frivolous stenographer Danny Miller ran at the throttle of big No. 453, just as he had run for many months. And dimly conscious of thoughts that he was very tired and would be glad when his run was over he and the straining mechanism under him had just reached the top of one of the steepest hills of his division when ahead and from the side of the engine, out of the dimness of a starlit night, there flashed a red spurt of narrow flame, fairly across the front of his pilot and directly through the white beam of his engine's headlight, thus bringing out the details of the immediate scrub at the sides of the ditches as if momentarily illuminated with a low-shooting Roman candle of red fire. And with the level spurt of flame puncturing the white glare of the headlight came the crack of a rifle.

Engineers, like captains of ocean craft, know well enough the meaning of a shot across the bows. So Miller, not caring to risk a bullet through his own person, and believing that contingency not unlikely, threw on his brakes and brought his engine to a quick standstill.

And let me remark that Miller rightfully regarded his person of some value, not only to himself but to a little girl up the line, who had promised to marry the engineer, and only waited because all girls are expected to put off for a few weeks or months, as the case may be, the important day and hour. This has to be mentioned. The little girl up the line, although peacefully sleeping in her bed in a building at the end of a long bridge at the time of the hold-up, toward the end became all tangled into the matters here set forth.

And Miller, not believing that he was personally responsible for the safety of somebody's banknotes in the car to his rear, quickly lowered himself from his cab and took his place on the ties, back to back to his fireman, as a well-trained and well-informed engineer is supposed to do when thus ordered by a tall and indistinct figure with a rifle in its hands, the latter proved by the unmistakable glint of engine-light on blued metal.

"You'll stand there," clicked the guard, who had emerged from the bush-enveloping blackness into the right of way, and had ordered the railroad men to descend from their cab. "Make a move at your peril!"

Meantime there had been an exchange of rifle shots from the express agents and the other robbers, who were somewhere out in the brush beyond the ditches. But the agents fired at a rather extensive and a dim landscape, while those out in the landscape had the not unimportant advantage of a brightly illuminated and extremely visible target.

So perhaps it cannot be considered remarkable that the landscape was not cruelly injured, while one of the expressmen got his through the forearm. The three surrendered, as wise expressmen should.

At the word they threw their rifles from the side door of the express car. The forearm was the only casualty, and the wound only a flesh wound. And as the agent drew sick-pay for a month from his benefit society, he came very neatly out of the fracas and needs little sympathy.

After the head expressman had looked

into the munde of a rifle long enough to remember, and with a shudder, that he would leave a widow and three kids to fight against a cruel world, and to wonder if death by a bullet might not be unpleasant, the veiled robbers, who were naturally interested in its contents, permitted their captive to throw the combination of the safe and hand over his keys of the interior boxes.

Then pushing all three agents back into the smoking car, the teeth-chattering occupants of which had their effects in trembling hands all ready to pass over, the robbers waited not to take what was so generously offered nor to trouble those in the Pullmans to the rear, whence had come the cries of awakened babies, the sobbing of frightened women, and the shaking voices of their male comforters.

The latter, as is usual at such times, had not thought of resistance, albeit they outnumbered the veiled knights of the road twenty to one. Which proves that only an insignificant minority of the species human have their nerve with them when they are awakened at 2 a. m. and believe it is a fight to the death or a hand-out of valuables. After all, there is no disgrace in this. Life is a thing apart from a gold watch or a wad of bills.

It is a wise man who can discriminate between values, and a fool who risks an obituary write-up, however flattering, for a diamond pin. So the robbers had only to enter the rear coaches and take what would be pushed out to them. But they had a quarter of a million in the safe, and their plans admitted of no further delay. One of them seized a brakeman by the collar.

"The draw-pin between the express car and the smoker!" he exclaimed. "Understand? On the jump now!"

The brakeman understood. The robbers intended to compel the engineer to pull away from the train to some point up the line, where they doubtless planned to make their getaway. They would thus have leisure to disgorge the contents of the safe and gather their plunder into bundles; at the same time they would be pulled far into a wilderness of mountains and forests. So the brakeman crawled under the platforms and did what he had been told to do.

"You'll pull her out," said the guard, addressing Miller, the engineer. "I'll be in the gangway. You're to hit her up lively and stop when and where I say. That's all."

Five minutes later, swinging around the many curves and jerking forward on the grade unpleasantly, because of the light load behind her, a man with a ready rifle in her gangway, the other robbers at the task of tying bank bills into bundles and in throwing aside packages that might cause trouble if taken, and Miller and his fireman in her cab, somewhat shaken as to nerve but hoping for the best, the No. 453 lurched heavily forward, as if she herself were in haste to gain the slate-roofed building up the line where the little girl still slept peacefully.

SUDDENLY the girl in the bedroom of the building at the end of the bridge awoke with a start. Her alarm clock was buzzing like a giant rattlesnake. She sleepily tumbled out of bed and quickly dressed herself—for she was the early morning operator at the White Horse River station. It can be said that she hated the job. At 3 every morning life for her seemed hardly what poets have told us earliest dawn means to them.

"Anyhow, Kathleen," she pouted as she carefully arranged her hair in front of a mirror by the light of a bright railroad lantern, "it won't be forever—there, you silly! As if he could notice your hair under the lights and his engine hitting up her fifty miles and better!"

Kathleen lived with the night operator and his wife at the river station. As she entered the office Kennedy, an old railroad man who had been the boss for many years, was leaning over his instru-

ments, and was so intent upon some difficulty that he had not heard the girl's entrance.

"What's the matter?" asked Kathleen.

"Don't know," snapped the operator. "Ten minutes ago got it by phone from little Simmons at the gulch that engine with express car is running on schedule of No. 6. But the wires haven't worked since—can't seem to get the head office or stations to the east. To the west doesn't count—they don't know anything, and anyhow there's nothing up there but lonely operators and grizzly bears. There's something doing—but what? What, I say?"

"Have the wires been cut?" asked Kathleen, her voice aping the click of a telegraph instrument and unpleasantly tense and harsh.

"Looks like it—yes."

"It's the engine and express car of No. 6!" in a breath exclaimed the girl.

"But why?" asked the other.

"I've read of things like that," she panted. "There hasn't been a hold-up since I've been on my job—but that doesn't prove this isn't one. And if there is a hold-up, wouldn't the robbers be likely to pull away from the train? And wouldn't they be likely to make Danny stop, and then cut the wires? They wouldn't want to take any more chances than they had to."

"But—"

"Let's see!" continued the girl in a rush of words. "Suppose there's a heap of money in the express safe? It would take time to get it out, and the mountains toward the west are wild and there are no towns. They've cut the wires and made Danny pull 'em. Somehow I feel it—somehow I know it!"

GREAT Witherspoon!" exclaimed the operator. "Maybe you're right, little girl; but even if you are, we can't do anything."

"It's Danny!" almost shrieked the girl. "And when they get him up the line they may kill him, so he can't describe them. It's Danny, and we've got to do something!"

"But—"

"There isn't time," sobbed the girl, stamping her feet and throwing out her hands. "If there was time! But there isn't. Oh, dear; oh, dear! How much time is there?"

"The grades are heavy. Even pulling a single, the engine can't make the river for three-quarters of an hour. Yes, it will be more than an hour."

"I could take the gasoline speeder and bring help from Rawlings, down the cross line, beyond the junction."

"But that would take three hours or more," said the operator. "Though the wires can't be cut on the cross-line and you could phone to Rawlings. The papers say the new sheriff has been given a thundering big auto. And he could make the other side of the ridge in no time. But if it's train robbers, they would be far up the line before the sheriff could be waked and get out a posse."

"There's a way to do anything," persisted the girl. "There's sure a way. And I tell you it's Danny! Do you hear me—it's Danny! We've got to save him! There must be a way!"

"What way?"

For a few moments there was silence, but for the swish of the heavy current of the river beyond the station. Twisting her hands, the girl stood at the open window, gazing into the blackness of the night. Then she leaped from the window and in front of the desk where her companion sat.

"Last month the repair crew fixed up the old drawbridge!" she cried. "You told me they were going to use it for scows and railroad ties. You could open it up—a little way would do. Then you could make something happen to things—the things that work the draw. And you could say it wasn't locked and the river must have jarred it loose. You could make something happen—please say you

could! You must make something happen!"

"Let me see—yes," quietly mused the old operator. "The cogs are old and rusty and a crow might do every kind of damage."

OF COURSE!" half-sobbed the girl. "You could throw the thing you call a crow into the river. The robbers would never know, and then they couldn't take Danny with them. And you must set the signals and hang out red lanterns—and all the rest. And we'll put the speeder on the siding behind the tool shed, and I'll hide in the bushes. After the engine has passed I'll run out to the main line—lots of times I've run the speeder—lots of times—in evenings with Danny. They can't see me run out on the main because of the curve and the station. It will be pretty dark, anyhow. And there isn't a second—I must put on my overalls—and you must see there's plenty of gasoline in the speeder!"

All this in quick, nervous words. The old operator had caught the girl's enthusiasm. What man would not who could have seen the flash of her dark eyes and the scarlet of her cheeks—as holding back her tears she had choked out her plan?

Kennedy sprang to his levers and threw his signals to danger. "Can you manage the switch-lever by yourself—at the end of the siding?" he asked.

"Sure!" cried the girl as she dashed toward the closet where she kept the overalls, which in three minutes would transform her into a natty little railroad employe, of vivid cheeks and hair done up with a bright ribbon. The agent was already away down the track, hastening to perform his part in the coming stalling of a hold-up.

And for those who do not know of the power of crows it can be stated that the tool will do damage to the mechanism of a single span, man-worked drawbridge that will make a head mechanic ruffle his hair with discomfiture and take many hours for the repair. And train robbers may have a liberal allowance as to pluck and determination and yet have their plans sidetracked because the wheels of clocks will continue to turn and time has a way of never halting.

Was this, too, a plan? The robbers had no way of telling, and they knew nothing of the girl operator—girl operators at desolate bridge stations had not been considered back in the private room in the big restaurant in St. Louis.

As Miller, urged by a puzzled and distracted knight of the road, honestly fumbled with cracked gears and broken pinions—in a whisper he asked of his helper, Kennedy, "Kathleen—where is she?"

"You'll know before very long," whispered back the old operator. "Turn your head the other way—he's watching us!"

While the distracted knight of the road continued to direct the useless labors of the railroad men, far up the line two men led back and forth a string of horses. What had happened they did not know. But when things get muddled in a job the very air holds a suspicious scent.

"It's off!" at length exclaimed one of the men. "Us for the timber and on the jump. We'll tie their horses and look out for our own skins."

And about the time that the two urged their steeds into a run, expecting that from the shadows of early dawn pursuers would leap out, the robbers at the rear of the stalled express car gathered in a group and held a kind of desperate strategy conference, where no one could say what was the wisest course to pursue. But it was clear that the locomotive could proceed no farther.

"It's us with the stuff on our backs and on our little toosies," grumbled the fattest of the knights. "And, Matt, here's where your damned 'neatest job ever' runs into a river, and may chase us where we can expect a balled hold-up will chase fellers. If you ask me/I say chuck the stuff and save our hides!"

Matt never answered the grumble. In-

ible war, m'sieurs—he just lives in a dream!"

The Prussian's bold blue eyes roved over the girl's svelte figure, lingering overlong where the V-shaped black dress half-revealed the curve of her bosom.

"We shall not bother old weakwits while we can look at you, m'am'selle!" he assured her.

A slow red crept into the girl's pale cheeks and her eyes sought the countenance of each of the other officers in turn. They stared back at her, their eyes frankly mirroring the lust of possession.

Marie Plauchette had really matured during the war. She had grown from a freckled, leggy youngster of 14 to a tall, full bosomed, beautiful young woman while the guns thundered always only a league or two away.

So gradual had been the transition that the peril of those first red days of war had not molested her. The singing, swaggering, cheering German troops had swung by day after day. Their tread was the last thing her tired ears heard at night and the first thing they awakened to in the morning. It seemed that all the world marched through humble little Monarche.

There were other scenes to be remembered, too! Her sisters, then 19 and 17, had been carried off. Grandpere Plauchette had found them—still and stark and naked in the meadow, pegged out on the wet grass with cords that their agonies had caused to cut into their wrists and ankles until, mercifully, they had bled to death. Marie remembered that!

Now the German troops were coming again. They no longer sang. They didn't march with the old jauntiness, nor polish the buttons on their uniforms until they gleamed in the September sunlight. They crept into Monarche weary and shaky and frightened, sleeping like beasts in any convenient shelter, and sitting stolidly for hours together in the simple ecstasy of rest.

Others there were whose eyes showed

unduly white and who jumped and twitched uncontrollably, their nervous systems fused to quivering jelly under the horrible ordeal of the barrage. Many of these went insane and prowled around by moonlight, often shot by their own nervous sentries. Marie watched these things with a queer flame in the depths of her large eyes.

But when she looked at the trim officers, bold and arrogant and sure of themselves even while on the fringe of defeat, the light faded, and stark horror rose in its place. She remembered her sister Celeste. She had combed her hair, in fact, before the cure read the burial service.

A few doors down the little street the old church stood like a stark sentinel over ruined Monarche. It had burned during the first bombardment, and only the steeple and portions of the front and west walls remained standing. The door was choked with debris and in the ashes the seedlings carried by the wild November winds had sprouted. Seeking for seclusion from the swaggering, loutish fellows who promenaded about with offensive glances and suggestive jests, she had found this place.

BY CLIMBING hand over hand to the first of the stone steps that had escaped destruction, she had penetrated into the old belfry. The bell at Monarche was not large, and it necessitated only a small space in the tower. But since it had gone for shell-casings a Belgian lass could curl comfortably up on the old interlocked stone flags and read and dream of the day when the Hun should have gone back across the Rhine. Since the shrapnel plumes had begun to show again on the green hills across the valley, the old belfry had taken on a new importance in the girl's eyes. Thither she had furtively carried a bright brown bottle, a polished empty meat tin and a fragment of heavy mirror, dropped by some looting private on the retreat.

Captain von Anstahl made it desirable more often to seek such seclusion. His bold blue eyes were always upon her, and the inscrutable expression filled her with vague terror. One day she overheard a snatch of conversation between Von Anstahl and Lieutenant Friestedt.

"Too good looking das madchen not to inspire some romance," Friestedt was saying. "Beside these other heavy faced heifers—"

Von Anstahl's cool accents cut in, freighted with the impalpable disdain that always flavored his words.

"Romance, my dear fellow, in a foreign land, with a foreign girl, in war time, can mean only one thing. The general staff disapproves now of the use to which such rustic damsels were put in 1914. No longer has it any strategic value for terrorizing the civilian population. And testimony of others is sufficient to make it serious."

"Others," sneered Friestedt. "A doddering old fool and a half-hysterical woman! If they were gone—"

"Gone?"

"Yes. A copy of La Libre Belgique—I've got a few—hid around the house, a search, executions—and the girl available! What think you?"

"Excellent, dear fellow. But such beauty, such curves—for a black Bavarian? Hardly!"

The insolent disdain of the words brought the lieutenant to his feet, his hand on his pistol. But the Prussian refused to rise. He met the other's theatrical rage, smiling.

"Try it!" he challenged. "I'll not promise not to embarrass you at the court-martial of the woman and the old man. And for my part—I shall win her by easier means!"

It was moonlight. Under the old garden wall the girl sat knitting. Captain Anderhoff, his breath spiced with plundered wine, chanced by.

"You here, Hebling!" he exclaimed thickly.

Marie rose, pressing back against the ivy-covered stone.

"It is a night for romance," pursued Anderhoff. He strode forward, grasping the girl's arm.

She cried out sharply.

Some one loomed up at Anderhoff's shoulder.

"Captain Anderhoff," he said quietly, "this is a singular interpretation of general orders. The civilian population is no longer to be molested!"

"Schweinhund!" ejaculated Anderhoff. "Would you—?"

Von Anstahl hurried him roughly to the ground. As he rose the young Prussian smilingly proffered the Bavarian officer his pistol.

"I believe you dropped this," he said courteously. But the set sneer on his face was not pleasant to look at, and there was an expression in his eyes that suggested the frosty wrath of a cobra.

The befuddled officer made but feeble pretense of hostility. After he had slouched away the girl turned toward Von Anstahl.

"Merci, m'sieur!" she exclaimed. "Surely your sister would be proud that you—"

"Zum Teufel!" snapped the Prussian brusquely. "Had I been here first, no doubt I should have tried the same thing." He turned on his heel and strode away after the retreating figure of Anderhoff.

The girl collapsed against the garden wall, her shoulders shaken with frightened sobs.

The next afternoon she sat again in the little belfry. Westward the valley lay spread before her, a vast green depression slit with the silver streak of the stream and dotted with constant smoke plumes that drifted lazily upward from the shell-torn ground. Across the open space a brown bottle, on the end of a string, swung like a pendulum. At intervals she stopped its rhythmic swaying and put in its place the mirror or the tin can.

Admirable!" said a soft voice behind her.

Marie Plauchette turned with an inarticulate cry of terror dying in her throat. Halfway up through the trapdoor was Captain von Anstahl.

"I think I understand the theory of the thing," he continued, smiling. "From below the view is cut off by the heavy cornice. From our trenches it may appear merely like the sunlight glinting on aged slate. But to your confederate in the British lines, equipped with a powerful glass and understanding the scheme of things, it is a very effective heliograph. It explains, I think, why the enemy's fire has been so effective of late. I believe I understand now why troops marching miles behind the line at night are suddenly cut to pieces by an inferno of shells! You are well prepared to die, m'am'selle?"

THE girl cowered against the farther side of the tiny room.

"All right, m'sieur," she said colorlessly. "Only—a special favor—do not tell mother until—until afterward. Already she has lost two sons and two daughters. I alone—remained."

"Your mother—and doddering old grandfather—they would share your fate," said Von Anstahl softly. "But there is a way out—if not for you alone—then for your folks."

The half-light of comprehension flamed in the girl's eyes.

"Tonight," he said, "you will come quietly to my room. It will be well to wait until the others sleep. After that—no questions!"

"For mother," said the girl slowly; "for mother—yes!"

Just within the door the girl paused. Below the hem of her coarse nightgown Von Anstahl caught a glimpse of a small white foot. The cut of the plain gar-

ment left the gleaming shoulders and round arms bare. The Prussian made no move as she came in. But from the street were audible sounds of tumult.

The girl's eyes were dark with fear and shame, but there was a triumphant ring in her voice.

"The British," she said, "they come, m'sieu officaire; they come! Over Lar-court Hill, over Karsy ridge—and the Germans—they flee! Did you see the sunset, m'sieu? It was like blood—German blood!"

WHILE she spoke there rose the steady thudding of thousands of feet over the cobblestones. Hemmelbach's division was falling back. Men with white, strained faces marched by, their haggard countenances briefly illumined by the light from the window.

Airplanes droned high overhead. A shell trailing a patch of green light screeched and exploded over the long column of infantry.

"I know," said Von Anstahl quietly. "The general retreat was ordered this afternoon. We rectify our lines for strategic purposes."

Her red lips curled in triumphant scorn. A red flare rose across the street.

"We shall have to make haste," said the Prussian. He came over and seized the white arms so roughly that the tender skin reddened. "Do you love me?" he asked.

"No," said the girl. Her voice was vibrant with joy. "I love no Prussian brute. Vive la libre Belgique!"

Footsteps thudded in the hall.

"They're in there!" roared Anderhoff's voice. "That damned Prussian and the girl. Him we can account for! The girl—I bespeak her for me. We leave tonight!"

Unconsciously the girl shrank against him.

As the door opened Von Anstahl drew his pistol. It cracked sharply in the confined space. Anderhoff pitched forward, a sickly grin overspreading his cognac-flushed countenance. The weapon roared again and Lieutenant Friestedt crumpled up in the shadows. The third marauder—the young lieutenant who had reported the disaster that night in the dugout—sought to flee. The flare from the gun lit the dim hall momentarily. It revealed the grotesque shadow on the wall of something sprawled on the floor.

It was very quiet in the little room. In the distance rose the sound of horses' feet on cobblestones.

"The cavalry!" murmured Von Anstahl. "They are certainly pressing us hard!"

"But you!" pleaded the girl. Her eyes were suddenly soft and dim with unshed tears. "Don't let them find you here. You have acted the man! Go now!"

The Prussian officer's bold blue eyes roamed over the slender figure in the single coarse garment.

"I have seen a number of these retreats, m'am'selle," he said in strangely altered tones. "The rage of a defeated German army is a terrible thing. Whatever they can destroy or defile they wreak their rage upon. I thought of that this afternoon. I was very anxious that you should not be in your own room when Captain Anderhoff or Lieutenant Friestedt learned the truth about Hemmelbach's division. You are the only thing that remains beautiful and—unsold in all poor battered Monarche, m'am'selle."

He lighted a monogrammed cigaret and his thin lips twisted in a cynical smile.

"I don't think I'll run off with the rest of the Huns, either," he remarked in English. "You see, this German uniform I'm wearing is rather by way of being camouflage. I'm Captain Leroy Farran Ad-dington of the British Intelligence department. A chance meeting with my old black Bavarian cronies, now that we've beaten them at Ventriere, might be most deucedly awkward!"

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The Patriot

By Ethel M. Colson

THE little old lady
Trudged down the long street,
A frail, antique figure
From bonnet to feet;

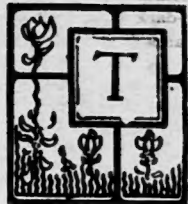


Where the flag flew aloft
She saluted with pride,
With mien of a soldier
And blush of a bride.

A DOUBLE HOLD-UP

By Ladd Plumley

Illustrated by M. D. Smith



HERE are leak-boxes in all offices, and it should hardly be expected that a quarter of a million of dollars can be forwarded regularly every six months over a railroad without the

information passing into the ears of those who are, perhaps, nearly as much interested in the contents of express safes as banks and United States subtreasuries.

The division manager of the road did not believe that he was wholly responsible for the safe delivery of the money. Division managers have their own cares, connected with time schedules and all the rest. After all, bank bills in packages are nothing but merchandise, and the people who insist upon shipping the stuff must take their chances.

That was the way the manager looked at it. And as there had been no hold-up on the road for all of five years, he turned his attention to the absurd waste of oil on his division and the amazing disappearance of engine tools, with such other details as McRea, who loved details as most men abhor them, could dig from his great card index, which he had introduced into the office, and of which he was very proud. He did spare the time to warn the head expressman not to say anything of the treasure which was to go over the division on the following night.

The head expressman, who was of the optimistic breed, did not worry himself overmuch. It was true that he had once been in a hold-up, and he knew of the impotence of attempting to stand off a

Kathleen was very much in love with Danny, and when the train was held up she never gave the loss of the money a thought

determined gang when you are surprised to the extent that it is a wonder that you don't point your rifle butt-end foremost and blow off your own head. But he said little concerning the treasure that was to go in his charge.

One of the under expressmen also said very little, but unfortunately he said his little to the wrong person. She—and if you want trouble to grip you in a tender place tell things to a certain kind of a woman. She then was a flirtatious and frivolous she, a stenographer in the railroad headquarters. And that evening in a hammock on the porch of a boarding-house she remarked:

SAY! Ain't it funny how wheelbarrow loads of money go over a railroad and nobody cares any more about it than if it was waste paper? Railroads are awfully funny—don't you think?

Her companion on that night was supposed to be a traveling salesman; though what he sold was unknown or why he lingered in a town where there was so little trade that it is a wonder any drummer should open up his sample trunks.

Perhaps the apparent devotion of the supposed salesman to the railroad stenographer, and the nightly movies to

which he had blown her, together with candy and sodas, were a kind of investment. From what we now know it seems not unlikely that he had been fishing for exactly the information that leaked from the railroad leak-box in the dimness of Mrs. Dunbar's side porch.

"So he told you that the quarter-million goes into the tall timber tomorrow night," carelessly remarked the girl's companion. As has been said, she was a frivolous she, and she did not notice that she had slipped out instead of a less illuminating indefinite article.

She also did not attach much importance, other than surprised disappointment, to the hastening away of her companion, who explained that he had suddenly remembered a very important business matter which must have his immediate attention. He withheld any suggestion of a movie that evening—or even of a chocolate sundae. And it can be mentioned the frivolous she has never again enjoyed these delights in company with the young man of generosity, perfect Chicago clothing and keen, inscrutable face.

A telegraph operator in an office of the railroad town was thinking of his loss of first base in the last ball game when the

Tigers, of whom he was one, had met an inglorious defeat while battling against the Eagles. And as he was familiar to boredom with all kinds of messages, from the announcing of the coming of a first-born to the latest quotation of the price of spring chickens, his mind held no interest for the slips that were pushed through his window. The one which was passed to him from the nervous fingers of a man in a wide-brimmed soft hat, pulled well over a clean-shaven face, read thus:

All cotton stuff is way up. Shall push line in catalogue six. Will try tomorrow, but think three first chop men with shotguns cannot make sales here. Leave tomorrow and will meet you as agreed.

If the third and every third word of the message be read we can see something of what it meant to the man who, two hours later, called for it at a little village far up the line.

The yellow paper was handed to him by a sleepy-eyed agent and read by him before he swung himself into a saddle—the reading for his eyes saying this:

Stuff up line—6 tomorrow. Three men—guns.

The rest didn't count except for the information that the confederate would be at the place of meeting.

AND so the job was planted and planted good, and the place for the job had received the consideration that so important a matter deserved. Indeed, every detail connected with the job had been very carefully arranged, and by bright minds, in one of the private rooms



"There's a way to do anything," persisted the girl. "There's sure a way. And I tell you it's Danny! Do you hear me—it's Danny! We've got to save him! There must be a way!"